Thine eyes that taught the dumbe on high to ſing,
And heavie ignorance aloft to flie,
Have added feathers to the learneds wing,
And given grace a double Majeſtie.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
And Arts with thy ſweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my Art, and doſt advance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.
Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aide,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decaide,
And my ſicke Muſe doth give another place.
I grant (ſweet love) thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travell of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
He lends thee vertue, and he ſtole that word.
From thy behaviour, beautie doth he give
And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford
No praiſe to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thanke him not for that Which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy ſelfe doſt pay.

Sunne Set.

THat time of yeare thou maiſt in mee behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe hang

Vpon

Vpon thoſe boughes which ſhake againſt
Bare ruin'd quires, where late the ſweet bi
In me thou ſeeſt the twi-lights of ſuch da
As after Sun-ſet fadeth in the Weſt,
Which by and by blacke night doth take a
Deaths ſecond ſelfe that ſeales up all in re
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie,
As the death bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nurriſht
Tis thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy lov
To love that well, which thou muſt leav
Thy glaſſe will ſhew thee how thy beauties
Thy dyall how thy precious minutes waſt
The vacant leaves thy mindes imprint will
And of this booke, this learning maiſt thou
The wrinckles which thy glaſſe will truely
Of mouthed graves will give the memory,
Thou by thy dyals ſhady ſtealth maiſt know
Times theeviſh progreſſe to eternity,
Looke what thy memory cannot containe,
Commit to theſe waſte blacks, and thou ſh
Thoſe children nurſt, delivered from thy b
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
Theſe offices ſo oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy bo

A monument to Fame.

NOt mine owne feares, nor the propheticl
Of the wide world, dreaming on things